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FROM THE NEW YORK KNICKERBOCKER.

THE PORTRAIT.

It was, in truth, a most beautiful painting,—a female head,—perfectly Grecian. She might have been the Sybil, when Apollo first beheld her. But I cannot describe a face: I never could examine beauty analytically, as you would a mineral or a piece of exquisite mosaic. I can only say, that I saw and felt it was very lovely.

My poor friend Fletcher was in an ecstacy. —'Look at those eyes and those,' lips said he. 'Now I never kissed a girl in my life; but if I could but see a pair of lips like those, with blood in them! You know I am a sworn old bachelor, Moses,—but——— Do you really suppose it is from nature! Let us see that catalogue;—No. 73—here it is, No. 73—'Miss Ellen Vincent.' 'Tis a pretty name, is it not! You remember the painter of Greece who assembled all the loveliness of Agrigentum before his easel, and then, transferring to his canvass the most perfect feature of each, the flashing eye of one, the tempting lip of another, and the sweet dimples of a third,—produced a model of excellence which Venus herself might have envied. Had that same painter lived at this day, he would have been spared his trouble. But, by-perbole apart, did you ever see so beautiful a face!'

'Oh yes,' I answered, 'a thousand times.'

'Name her, then.'

I hesitated. In truth I could not: I was compelled to yield. We pursued our respective ways home—for the dinner hour had arrived, and I had no idea of sacrificing the substantial enjoyment of a brace of wild ducks to the more refined, perhaps, but to my sordid taste, less congenial one, of gazing at a lovely face.

My reflections concerning my infatuated friend were somre enough, as I pursued my homeward walk. I was bound to him by ties stronger than those which unite ordinary friends. We were the only old bachelors in the neighborhood, and had altogether maintained the brunt of many a wordy contest in defence of our celibacy. I had long regarded him as a firm member of our honorable, but persecuted fraternity. He had withstood every trial—he had overcome every temptation. —It was only a week before, that he assured me no lady had ever made an impression on his heart which lasted two hours after he had left her presence. Julias, Amelias, Sarahs, Marias—all had attacked him, and all in vain, and yet, after all this—after having sustained every contest, and having come off victorious in every encounter—and having passed unscathed through the furnace, seven times heated—to fall in love with a picture—a piece of canvass, daubed over with paint and oil—a thing that any school-boy might spoil with his inkstand! It was too much. It was like a noble ship, which having crossed the ocean through storm and through tempest, and having triumphantly braved a thousand dangers of the sea, should be wrecked within sight of her intended haven, and upon an insignificant shoal, which had not been considered of sufficient importance even to be avoided.

When, the next morning, I dropped in upon my friend, I found him still raving about the portrait. I remonstrated—I attempted to reason with him. Alas, how little had reason to do either with his malady or his disposition! I reminded him of the many illustrious men who have been proud to enrol their names on the undying record of celibacy—St. Paul, Newton, and a hundred other names of authority. Swift, too, I named, who, although he married, was ashamed to confess it. It was all in vain. I tried ridicule—but he was unmoved. I told him of the certainty with which matrimony was followed by family quarrels, and petticoat government. It was void, and of no effect. I told him that poor Thompson had not dared to stay out after eleven, since he had married—that Mr. Smith by his own confession, had I received more than a dozen curtain lectures; and the *honey* moon was not yet over —Heaven preserve the poor fellow when he comes to that of gall and wormwood! I told him that Brown had filed a bill of divorce—that Mrs. Johnson had eloped with her own coachman—that Mrs. Wilkins had been blessed with twins—and that Mrs. Williams had named her *thirteenth* son Timothy. All was unavailing.—Fletcher was crazy,—more he was in love,—a thousand times worse—for there are plenty of lunatic asylums; but—alack for the boasted philanthrophy of the age—who ever heard of a *Love Asylum?* How much time, and how much money, have been devoted to ameliorating the condition of those who are bereft of reason; and yet nothing has been done for the victims of the tender passion—as if a man's brains were of more importance than his heart. Who knows that an effect highly beneficial to those unfortunate beings might not be wrought by means of solitary confinement, with low diet and moral instruction! It is wonderful, that the subject has not engaged the attention of any of those numerous societies formed by the gentler sex, for the purpose of advancing every possible good which exists, or which does not exist; and for removing every possible evil with which any portion of the world, savage or civilized—heard of or unheard of—is, or ever will be afflicted.

I have digressed. Had almost any other calamity befallen my friend, there could have been some remedy. Had he broken a limb it might have been mended. A broken bone will knit together in nine days. Had he cracked his skull, it might have been 'fixed by trepanning. But Fletcher was in that 'peculiar situation' for which there was no present remedy. He was 'out of humanity's reach.'

But there was one consolation. He was entranced only with a portrait. This was far different from falling in love with a witch of flesh and blood. The portrait could not talk. There was a difference, surely. It could'nt take his arm of a moonlight evening, and walk out of every body's hearing. It could not receive long letters and write long answers. In a word, it could neither marry, nor be given in marriage.' I had forgotten all this while that there was an original to this portrait. Fletcher had not.

Some months passed away, and my friend was as crazy as ever. Time, indeed, seemed rather to increase than to heal his malady. One day he entered my room in great haste. 'I am going,' said he, 'to Philadelphia, immediately, and have come for you to go with me.'

'Why, in the name of common sense, are you going to Philadelphia!' I asked.

'I have just heard that Miss Ellen Vincent is there. I know the street and the number. There can be no mistake.

'And you intend to call upon her, with no other introduction than your own impudence! Fletcher, this is worse than I should have expected, even from you. I warn you now—as I regard your ——'

'Oh, you need not go on; I anticipate what you intend to say. I have heard it so often that I have it all by heart. Besides, I have made up my mind upon the subject. The boat leaves at three. We have no time to lose. Just send down your valise, and I will hear it all when we are on board, though it be for the hundredth time. I will, upon my word—I will, and I will not get asleep, as I did the last time, but will bear it with all possible patience. And then if you convice me, Moses—and you know you will—and I will persuade the captain to put the steamer about, and we will return.'

Finding nothing would restrain him, I consented to bear him company, in the hope that my guardian care might prove, in some way, beneficial.'

When we arrived at the "City of Squares," Fletcher's first visit was to a friend, who fortunately—or rather unfortunately—knew the lady of whom he was in such impatient quest. He promised and introduction, and my companion returned to his Hotel, and passed the remainder of the day in dressing. It was the first time I had ever seen him *neat*—this love works sad changes in a man's character—and he was really a fine looking fellow. At the appointed time his friend arrived, and they departed together. I was reading a very interesting work on partial insanity and mental hallucination, when I was interrupted by Fletcher's well known step. I heard him as he ascended the stair, give orders to be awakened at six.

"What is the matter now?" I inquired as he entered.

'Why it's all up! Would you believe it! Miss Vincent went to Baltimore, this very morning.—But the Boat starts at seven. You will go, of course!'

Here was a quandary. I certainly was unwilling to leave the victim to the guidance of his own recklessness. He might be off in a tangent from Baltimore to Havre or Liverpool, or the North Pole. Still I could not but reflect on the effect which such a circumstance might have on my own character. I called to mind the fable of poor Tray—I remembered that a man's reputation often depends greatly upon his associates. And what would the club say —what would every body say—when it should become known that Moses Morpheus was off on a wild goose chase after a pretty girl? I refused—Fletcher persisted—and finally my regard for him overcame the fear of danger to my own reputation. I consented to go, upon condition that we should return in three days at furthest. This I insisted upon, not with the remotest hope of its fulfilment, but merely as an excuse to my own conscience.—For the first time in his life, Fletcher was up a full hour before she started. A faint curl of smoke was rolling from the pipes into the clear morning air. In due time we arrived. We had scarcely entered our hotel, when my companion deserted me. In a few hours he returned with a most joyful countenance.

'I have caught her at last,' he exclaimed as entered; 'she is here.' Here he compressed his lips with exultation. 'She is soon to give a ball on her birth day. I have seen our friend Smith, and he has promised to obtain an invitation for each of us.'

'Indeed!' said I: 'you are kind. At whose request, pray, did you solicit an invitation for me!'

'Oh, I supposed you would like to go, of course. But *n'importe*. I will take no denial.'

The next morning notes of invitation were sent to each of us.

'I wonder if the mail is in,' said I.

'I wonder if there will be a large assembly,' was the response.

'What a gloomy day,' continued I scratching my name in the vapor which I had breathed upon the window.

'What beautiful writing,' observed my friend —'just look at it.'

'Beautiful! I can't read it for the life of me. —What word is that!

'Nonsense! you have got the wrong paper. I mean the rose-colored. Do you suppose a lady writes invitations on fools-cap?'

My friend has become learned in the 'manners and customs' of the ladies.

'You have improved wonderfully,' said, 'since last summer. When your sister sent you for a pair of gloves, you purchased for her, you may remember, a pair of buck-skins, large enough for any two fisted stage driver in the city.'

'Well, I will teach you all I have learned.—Shall we commence our first lesson! You have endeavored to invest me with prudence and discretion many a time. I will now act the tutor. Heaven grant me better success.'

'I am obliged, certainly—but as your new science will be of little practical utility, you will excuse me.'

'Well, do as you will—all I can hope, is, that you may, on some happy day, fall in love yourself.'

'You could hardly have wished me a more severe punishment. But when I *do* become enamored, it shall not be with a *portrait*. I think I can say that.'

'And I hope to convince you, to-morrow evening, that I too, can love something besides a portrait. You remember when in the gallery, you termed Miss Vincent 'some pretty minnier or dashing servant.' I hope you are now condinced of my superior taste in such matters.'

'I never disputed it, or evinced it either.—'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

The expected evening arrived. Accompanied by our friend, we departed for the residence of the fair incognito. The street was crowded with carriages, and we did not reach the door without some difficulty. The rooms were brilliant with the splendours of art, and dazzling with loveliness of nature. Nothing was wanting in luxury or in elegance. Fletcher hastened on, until he reached the room where our hostess was standing. A small circle was in the middle, and several of the guests advanced to it. After a few minutes they retired. The lady of the house was manifestly *there*.

'Where is she!' asked Fletcher, eagerly.

'That lady in the very centre of the circle,' answered our friend—she with the cap.'

She dresses plainly, however, considering the occasion. What a little fairy hand, and how nicely that white glove is fitted to it. I wish she would turn this way.'

The lady *did* turn. My wonder-stricken companion danced about as if he had been stung by a Tartantula. The blood rushed to his face. He muttered an unintelligible exclamation, and hastened from the room as speedily as the dense crowd would permit. He seized the first hat he encountered, and in a few minutes was at his hotel.

'Birth-day!' said some one in my hearing—'how old is she!'

'Fity-seven!'

I did not laugh. I did not shout. I rejoiced—but it was with no common joy. I felt assured that after this folly, Fletcher would become a sound old bachelor—a faithful member of our club—and a useful one of society. When I entered his apartment he was busily engaged in packing his trunk. How chop-fallen! I addressed to him words of consolation. I flattered myself, that at that favorable epoch, remarks of due solemnity, upon matrimony and celibacy matters, would sink deeply into his heart, and be productive of beneficial consequences.

'It is very like you,' said Fletcher to his lovely wife, as they stood looking at her portrait, which had been transferred from an old bachelor's hall to an elegant parlor; 'and how much I am indebted to it! Believe me, Ellen, I shall always patronize the fine arts.'

'And birth-day balls too!' asked his wife, with an arch leer.

'No—pardon me—I detest them—and if I ever attend another———'

'You will not mistake my old aunt for me!'

Sunday in Paris.

Every body has been in Paris, and yet how few know the real peculiarities of a Parisian Sunday! 'The French are a shockingly immortal race,' says the gambling fine lady of Portman-square, 'for they go to the *theatre* on a Sabbath evening,'—instead of getting gloriously drunk, as good Christians ought to do, for the benefit of the revenue. This is the 'sum total' of the mere English idea of a French Sunday. The grand features of the Parisian manners on the day of rest are *extra muros* beyond the Barrieres; and will the English really consent to leave the good cheer of Gregnon, Very, Beauvilliers, and the Rocher du Cancale? No, no; they are too fond of good things to risk certain for uncertain pleasures, and far too aristocratic, withall, to dream of contaminating themselves by mingling among the vulgar sons of labour and equality! What *unsophisticated* Englishman would not prefer a lounge along the Boulevard de Coblentz, a visit to the Cate Hardy, or Tortoni's; or a *partie fine* at some restaurateur of the Bonlevards, to all the interesting scenes that the environs of Paris present on a Sunday! Perhaps he is right after all. I do not know whether these 'scenes' be as interesting to others as they have always seemed to me; *c'est egal*. I shall briefly state some of the peculiarties that distinguish this day in the French capital.

It is not fashionable to remain in Paris on Sunday during the *belle saison*; the wealthy, therefore, (I do not say the noblesse, for few of them are wealthy,) who have not gone already to the country, retire thither early in the morning. Carriages are in movement in all parts of the city, but abound most in the noble Faubourg St. Germain, and the fiannical Chaussee D' Antin, when they drive off to the plain of Romainville, the heights of Mendon, the pleasant environs of St. Germain, and the delightful valley of Montmorency. Sequestered scenes like these are not to be found in the vicinity of the English metropolis, and, in fact, can scarcely exist but in the most remote and least frequented districts of England; for to what distant spot can we repair where the bustling of travelling, the din of traffic, or the purse-proud insolence of wealth shall not dispel every anticipated enjoyment of rural life! Not so the quiet fields that border the Seine, the Marne, and the Loire; not so the gay but untumulting environs of Paris. Passing beyond the Barriers, and the noisy *guinguettes*, we leave every vestige of the capital behind; its bustle, its clamour, its infinite variety of change of scene, and ourselves at once transported to the solitude of the fields, where the simple manners, and antique costume of the peasants remind us of that unchanged and unchangeable race who inhabit the rocks of Tyrol and the Alps.

The Churches of St. Roche, Notre Dame, St. Eustace, and St. Sulpice, are filled at an early hour with the votaries of devotion: not as in England, dressed in all the gorgeous pride of wealth, elbowing the poor, staring disdainfully at each other, as if all men were not equal in the House of God—but simply attired, unassuming, rich and poor mingling together in prayer—quiet, decorous, divested of hypocritical display. Such is the demeanour of this 'ungodly' people, who would shudder at turning a church into a scene of theatrical ornament, into a fashionable rout, into a *show room*, for the handy works of the artizans of dress!

Towards the mid-day, the polite Boulevards of Grand and Coblentz become crowded with *orientialists* of Paris, the inhabitants of the distant Faubourgs, St. Antoine and St. Marcel, each *fabricant* bringing his tasteful belle to sun herself on this splendid promenade. The garden of the *Tuileries* receives the *rentier* and *bourgeois* of the Marois, and the forlorn *voltigeurs* and *Croix de St. Louis* of the Faubourg St. Germain; the *Champs Elisees* are the favourite resort of the youths of the colleges, military schools, and *Pays Latin*, and a confused mass of emigrants of all classes of the population, and noble *roturier*, is pouring down the delightful avenue that leads from the triumphal arch to the defunct; but now resuscitated. Bois de Bolougne. Happiness is in every look, satisfaction on every tongue. They seem (like the poet) as if they had

"No fears but such as fancy can assuage."

The wealthier families among the mercantile Parisian are now on their way to their 'campagnes' at Chœsy, Medon, Enghien, Marly, or other pleasint retreats, there to pass the day in innocent relaxation. Various are the *ameureux* manœuvres to get invited to the fete —for Sunday is *'toujours jour de fete'*—and they doubtless find something more congenial in the liberty and enjoyment of promenades, rustic sports, or the all-engrossing pleasures of the dance, than in the restraint and ceremony of the crowded city. *Here* ceremony is thrown to the wind. In due time the carriages are unloaded of their viands and wines, and the joyous party seat themselves on the grass, *sub tegmine fagi*; the repast is seasoned by wit and gaiety; and the day passes to its decline, amidst the song, the laugh, the well-told tale, the forfeit, dear but dangerous to the lover—the discovered loss of a *dinde aux truffes*, or a *pate de veau*, bringing 'gall and wormwood' to the unfortunate *gourmand*, malicious delight to the *thoughtless* youth. 'Ah! sua *si bona* norint!'—Youthful ardor is not *here* chilled by the sneers of the old, or the disdainful frowns of the proud; for the most active members of the joyful party —those who urge on their companions to fun and frolic, are the gray-headed elders, who in more northern climes would find, in similar scenes, no other joy than 'such as wine can give.'

The chosen resorts of the graceful and tastely grisettes and their admirers, are St. Cloud and Montmorency. Peer and peasant flock alike to St. Cloud, which presents in its palaces, gardens, parks, *cabarets*, and *concours*, every variety of beauty and deformity. But Mormorency is the true scene for youthful lovers. Every thing combines to render it delightful to the lover, the *gourmand*, or the pensive student of nature. It is situated along the side of a beautiful hill, where you have a most commanding view of the celebrated valley of Montmorency, studded with towns, villages, and *chateaux*. The retreats of Rosseau and St. Lambert, the *'termitage* and *Charmettes*, with the seats of many of that illustrious group who flourished round the venerable Mareschal de Montmorency, are all before your eyes, associating in your mind the great names of past times with the delightful scenery around you. At the summit of this romantic town of Tenacy, adorned with fine gardens and venerable monuments, stands the *Cheval Blanc*, well known to the lovers of good cheer, as abundantly supplied with all the comforts that life, love, and laughter demand.

As evening approaches, the public gardens become thinned of their visiters, and give place to the Italian Boulevard, the Boulevards without the walls, or the all-attractive scenes of the *Drama*. This is the most heinous of Parisian abominations! To adjourn from the promenade to the *tavern* would be nothing—but to exhilarate the mind by innocent gaiety, by lively pictures of manners, by ridicule of folly and its thousand phases—this, this must be the acme of impiety! To defend the Parisians in this *liberal* age, when hypocrisy and cant are *unknown*, would expose me only to the scorn of the righteous; I shall only venture, therefore, to suggest in *mitigation of damages*, that in spite of all their impieties their streets present no scenes of depravity like those which shock the stranger on a Sunday in London—no drunken way-faring man shall be found there —nor shall the strange woman be found there. Then what scenes can the French Drama present that shall pollute the minds of the spectators? Any thing like "*Tom and Jerry*"—any thing like the *moralities* of Congreve, Wycherly, and the greater part of *our* comic writers, since the days of Charles the Second! Will you hear, or see any thing improper, indecent, or immoral, in the classic, decorour, unstained *Theatre Francais?* No!—let the middling and lower classes—the upper classes never go to the theatre in the day—frequent the *Odeon*, the *Opera Comique*, the amusing scenes of Brunet and Potier, or the wonderful displays of Mazurier in the melo-dramas of the Port St. Martin—and I will venture to assert that their morals and manners will suffer no risk of contamination. It is evident, I hope, that I allude merely to *popular* modes of spending the day, and do not pretend to compare these with a sincere devotion to religious exercises. All I maintain is, that if the Parisians did not frequent the theatre, they would frequent the haunts of vice; and I hope it will not appear paradoxical to assert that indecent scenes, immoral allusions, or vicious company, are not the characteristics of a *French* playhouse. I say there is no appearance of vice—no marks of its sway. "De non apparentibus, et non existentibus," I think the old maxim says, "eadem est ratio."

The beautiful forest of *Vincennes*, is now teeming with the spruce citizens of the Faubourgs, in their best attire; they swarm on the vine-clad hills of Chaumont, in the villages of Sevre and Vaugirard. No one spends his weekly festival in solitary sadness, for "every spark has his maid." The *Salons de Danse*, round the barriers, are crowded by the labouring population, enjoying themselves with all their "might and main," and supplying skill by activity of gesticulation. But the most beautiful "scene dansante" that can be found in the immediate vicinity of Paris, is Romainville, and its delightful environs. The country all round is interesting: the fields, gardens, and dwellings, are neat in the extreme; and the extensive woods that fringe the plain, present a most agreeable promenade. Many pleasant hours have I spent there on a Sunday evening. Nothing could be gayer than the whole scene—yet nothing could be more innocent. "Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vrai semblable"—we are told—and I may be told so *now;* but taking men by their outward signs, what a contrast does not this present to the scenes of riot, noise, and drunkenness that occur in the neighbourhood of *London* on a Sunday evening.

To the great mass of the Parisians, Sunday is a day of unmixed pleasure and exhilaration. The cares of the past are forgot, the labours of the future appal not, for they have a regularly returning day of rest and enjoyment; they can find amusement in trifles, because their minds are not continually harassed by care; and without the aid of artificial stimulants to rouse their spirit, they can always engage ardently in the pursuit or pleasure of the moment. Their wives, children, and *bonnes* accompany them in all their promenades—partake in all their pleasures—give counsel in the choice and disposition of amusements—and form a band of pleasure-seeking beings, whom it is delightful to behold. Renovated in health and spirits by their innocent recreations, they return at an early hour to their homely abode, retire to rest contented with the past, and prepared to renew their toils on the morrow. The Sunday rambler in London has but too often a far different tale to tell—he may feel no regret for the past—but—alas!—

"When he bitterly thinks on the morrow."

Scene at a Public Sale.

A late foreign periodical gives an amusing description of the many interesting scenes which usually occur at public sales in England, particularly in the vicinity of the great metropolis. Some of the writer's remarks will apply with equal force, to sales in this country. We annex a portion of the article. The character noticed in the fourth paragraph is not without an original in this city.

The auctioneer and his clerk have now ascended to the dining room, with the whole train of brokers and secondrate people who have hitherto attended them in the inferior regions. He takes his place at the head of a long range of tables, on which are spread out a vast variety of light and easily moveable articles. The amateurs are all in the tip-toe expectation; and the gentleman with the copper nose has taken a chair close beside the left hand of the salesman. What a different kind of company has often sat round these tables, enjoying the use of many of those articles which are now coolly looked on as matters of merchandize! Not more difference was there between Jaffier "sitting at good men's feasts," and Jaffier an outcast, than there is between the former condition of these vessels and implements of luxury, as once ranged in glittering order, in this very place, each applied its own legitimate use, and their present state when thrown about promiscuously, without regard to their specific purposes, and all disgraced by the unrespective hands of brokers and bargain seekers. One after another, the household gods drop away, and many is the cross look interchanged between the bidders, while the blazing snouts looks on serenely, evidently thinking a great deal though it says little. But who is that young lady who stands blushing beside her mother, while these elegant dining tables are in dependence!—You may at once guess the whole of her history; she is a young woman whose friends are in moderate circumstances, and she is about to be married to the youth of her heart. He has asked them to attend here and purchase something for their furnishing. The girl's heart is set upon the tables; they are certainly beautiful; the mallet of the auctioneer meets its image in them, as he is about to consign them to their fate. But who opposes the lady? A dogged, sulky, hard-hearted broker; the fellow is a perfect abhorence; there he stands at the end of the table, and clasps on crown after crown so resolutely and quick after the lady, that there is a prospect of a long struggle.—Every gentleman has given up the struggle long ago; even the auctioneer looks vexed; and the very amateurs turns an upbraiding look on the broker. He perseveres till the lady sends a look so modest, so beseeching, that the cupboard himself retires from the combat, and the gallant auctioneer comes down with a rattle on the delightful table whilst the eye beams with pleasure, and a murmur of satisfaction runs through the room.

I would next direct your attention to a couple who have not been long married, but who, already dissatisfied with the furniture wherewith they commenced their married life, have come here in the hope of improving it by a few additions. Their house is one of the neatest in a moderate way with which I am acquainted, but yet the inmates, or at least the lady, see a thousand faults in it. "The curtains! Indeed, my dear, they are not fit any longer to be seen in our drawing room. Neither is that carpet, which you know you selected without consulting me. And then one sofa is nothing in a room as large as ours. There should be one, you are aware, on each side of the fire place. And a small card table is also necessary to fill up that vacant space between the two windows—either a new card table, or a cabinet, I am indifferent which; but the cabinet is the more expensive, and you *know* I am as anxious to take as little out of your pocket as possible. All I wish is to have every thing respectable, and it is as much for your own sake as mine. It is greatly in favor of a man in business like you to have a respectably furnished house. Indeed I am quite sure your business would soon suffer, if you were not to put your drawing room into proper order."—Lectured in this manner, the husband has consented to accompany his wife to see the article exposed at this sale: and, before they return to dinner, they will have spent quite as much as he can spare upon the "indispensable" articles enumerated by the lady, not to speak of a few odd nick-nacks and useless articles, which they will also be tempted to buy on account of being such "dreadful bargains." It

is not impossible that the whole may be again brought under the auctioneer's hammer next midsummer.

But who is that eager little boy who is sitting with his arm round the globe which is to be exposed for sale? The auctioneer has put it up; and the boy, holding his father's thumb in his hand, looks up with mingled hope and despondency as it rises to the price beyond which he knew his father could not go. There is a painful struggle in his father's countenance—he is a poor man; and altho' he could wish to bid to gratify his son, a wife and six children are choking his utterance, and he sees the shining world, on which his son doated, carried off by a spoiled, over fed-youth, whose care for it will be but momentary. This little boy, who has made a figure at school, and has read books in the chimney-corner which people would suppose he had never heard of, has had his heart set on a globe for many months, and no conqueror ever longed more for the possession of this real globe, than this ambitious little scholar for its glittering image. He has read all the notices of sales for a long time back, thinking that he might have one at a moderate rate somewhere; and has drawn his father from his work, and made him put on his Sunday coat to come to the present sale, cheering himself with the hope that it might be obtained. As he goes home, however, he feels no grudge, for he knows his father would have given it him had he been able; and he feels a hope within him, strong and bright, that his way to knowledge will hereafter be smoother, and that he will have access to its temple.

Observe that blear-eyed man pushing forward, now that the sale of miscellaneous trifles has begun. He is a bachelor of sixty, and for many years past he has frequented these sales, eager for a bargain of some article which may escape the general competition. He has a room at home crammed with odds-and-ends —unmatch-fire-arms, broken fenders, quaint bottles, old plated candlesticks, musty stuffed birds, books in antique binding, an old spinnet for which he paid thirty shillings, featureless portraits of naval heroes, ricketty armed chairs in their naked canvass; unwieldy ancient looking cradles, mutilated watering pans, and a collection of the meanest trifles, which the auctioneer bundles off impatiently in lots. Ah! here is a parcel in which there may be something, and then it may be all had for threepence. An old razor for cutting soap, a lantern, a whirl top, a bunch of peacocks' feathers, Geo. Buchanan, and an old foraging cap—all found in one lumber drawer—who bids for them? 'Threepence,' exclaims a voice quavering with emotion, and the whole is thrust upon him amid a roar of laughter, which he entirely disregards, as he stuffs the various items about his person with a silly smile of self-congratulation. The witty auctioneer tries another lot, and the old gentleman carries off at the conclusion of the sale a new assemblage of articles—a vial half full of oil, the snout of a bellows, an old portal lock, two Bath bricks, a hook, and four crooked nails, at the astounding low sacrifice of one penny.

The crowd is dispersed, and there is one who remains behind, who has purchased largely, and to whom the auctioneer, and even the porters, whom he directs to take away certain articles, speak with reverence. There is a benignity in his eye, mixed with a ray of compassion and concern; and there is a hesitation in his movements, which shows that he is in a situation of delicacy. This is the Christian neighbor—a man of wealth, and yet of charity. He knew the destitute family before; he did not entirely approve their conduct, but he saw them in distress; he stepped forward and but for him they would not have had a counterpane to cover them from the damps of the night. But by his interference the more useful of their articles of furniture are carried over to an humble yet comfortable dwelling; and so active is he in his business of love, that, on the very evening of the day in which they thought themselves abandoned to wretchedness, they are conveyed from his dwelling, where his wife had been soothing them for the day, to a neat apartment, where their old furniture, which they had thought never to see more, is glancing in the light of a cheerful fire, and where himself appears in the midst of the broken family with honeyed words of hope, giving assurance that Providence, with greater experience and corrected hearts, has in store for them brighter and happier days.

From the Far West.

No confirmation has yet reached Washington, of the reported engagement between the Pawnees and the Dragoons under COLONEL DODGE, nor has any official information even of the rumor of the fight been received. The rumor may be true, or it may be false; and under all circumstances, seems as likely to be the one as the other.

On the subject of this military movement, to which we have had occasion several times to refer, we have received the following communications from a source which, we are assured, may be implicitly relied upon:—*Nat. Intel.*

Messrs. GALES & SEATON:—As every thing from the Dragoons and the Far West is peculiarly interesting at this moment, I have taken the liberty to send some remarks, based on a letter I received yesterday from a gentleman Fort Smith, Arkansas, in whose statements every reliance may be placed.—The letter is dated the 8th ultimo, and states that a gentleman had reached Fort Smith, from Towson, the day before he wrote, who had been employed as a citizen-physician to accompany the Dragoons, and that he had been compelled to return on account of ill health.

Gen. LEAVENWORTH was following on to overtake Col. DODGE, when he was taken sick, and died in the 'Cross Timbers.' He was bro't back, and buried at Capt. Bean's Camp, on Red River, about five mile above the False Washita.

Sickness had spread, and was spreading to an alarming degree, amongst the Dragoons.—more than fifty had been taken sick of a day, and also many of the officers. The disease is the billious remitting fever of the country.

Col. DODGE, had left all his sick at Captain Bean's Camp, and pushed on with about one half of his command and had not been heard from since the day after he marched.

The letter further states, that the Pawnees are most constantly in the vicinity of Bean's Camp. One night the horses became frightened, and 150 were lost, there not being men sufficient to pursue them, in fact barely enough to nurse the sick.

I feel very anxious for the company. I have had some little experience in the hardships of the wilderness of that country; but with all our hardships and sufferings we enjoyed fine health.

We may calculate very fairly, that the same cause including sickness in those first attacked will still continue, and extend to those under Colonel DODGE's command: and every step he advances West will increase his difficulties. It is impossible to keep their horses staked up, the only dependence for a scanty support is found in the prairies: and frequently grass is very scarce where Buffaloes are, or have recently been. I have seen extensive looking like eaten-out pasture grounds.

The Pawnees will not dare attack, even fifty well appointed men in fair conflict. They play a surer game than that. The finest horsemen in the world, and mounted on their hardy steeds, the genuine descendants of the famous Andalusian race, they hover on your flanks; drive the game from your front; cut off any stragglers in your rear; and by some of their numerous and adroit manœuvres; alarm your horses at night, and scatter them over the prairies; as was the case at Capt. Bean's camp.

The 'Cross Timbers' above alluded to, is a belt of timber, of irregular width varying between ten and twenty miles; stretching, North and South, between the Arkansas and Red River. Fort Towson is nearly South of Fort Gibson; and taking a Westerly course from that line, about one hundred miles will carry you to the Cross Timbers. From my experience, the name is rather fanciful. In pursuing the West course as above, the country is variegated with a succession of timber land and prairie—the former gradually lessening in quantity, and diminishing in size, until it dwindles to the stunted oak bush not more than one or two feet high, but generally loaded with mast in the season. However, as you approach the great Western Prairie, the timber increases a little in size; and in many places it becomes so thick and impervious, as to render it very difficult to get through on horseback. After that the great Western prairie stretches to the Rocky Mountains, and no timber is to be seen except a thin growth of Cotton-Wood, lining the margin of the streams.

At Fort Gibson there is also much sickness. Dr. WELSH; who was ordered up from Port Coffee to see Dr. WRIGHT, who was very ill, was attacked himself, and fell a victim to the disease of that country. His loss is greatly regretted, as he was admired as a Physician, and beloved as a man. There is but one Surgeon at Fort Gibson to discharge the laborious duties of that post.

The troops at Fort Coffee are remarkably healthy. H.

Sept. 9th, 1834.

‖ It seems to be due to the War Department to state, that further medical aid was dispatched to the posts on the frontier immediately on the receipt of advices that it was needed.

Nat. Intel.

St. John's, August 1.

Various accounts occur in representing the present state of the Fishery as extremely indifferent, particularly on the coast to the northward of this; and we apprehend to the southward it is but little, if any thing, better. This is the more to be lamented inasmuch as there has been a very extensive failure in the business of the spring, after an outfit of rather more than the ordinary magnitude. Although there is still sufficient time to take an average catch, the chances of doing so are increasingly slender.

FROM THE ST. JOHN'S TIMES, AUG. 8.

Wreck at Baccalieu.

On Saturday morning last, Wm. Sterling, Esq. a magistrate, James Bayly, Esq. Sub-Collector of his Majesty's Customs, John Stark Esq. Coroner, and Messrs. John and William Stirling, left this place, in the pleasure boat of the first named gentlemen, for Baccalieu, in order, if possible, to glean some further and more authentic particulars relative to the wreck discovered at that place, (no certain information at the time having been made known) and which has caused so much anxiety in the public mind. We are authorized by these gentlemen in stating, that they arrived at the spot, on the N. W. end of the Island at Baccleau, at one o'clock, when the boat was anchored, and six of the party landed and remained on shore for several hours in prosecuting their researches; the wreck was found wedged in, in a deep cavern of the rock, and the remains of four mangled bodies were seen among it, but without great labor and expense they could not be got out—indeed they were found to be in a state of quick decomposition; the gentlemen descended the cavern with lanterns, at considerable personal risk. One leg was found near the mouth of the cavern with a boot upon it, which latter Dr. Stirling cut off; the leg was evidently that of a young man, and the boot what is denominated a Wellington boot; the stocking found upon the leg was assuredly of British manufacture—it was a fine white cotton stocking, with two red stripes round the top of it, and marked with a large C. in black ink. Among the wreck was also, found some Manilla rope, and a cocoa nut in a perfect state, the husk being removed. Copper was seen upon several pieces of the wreck—she was oak built, copper-fastened, and copper bottomed; many of the copper bolts being visible; a sample of the rope and an oak stancheon, having a great curve in the lower part, were brought to this town; the canvass was sewed with a flat seam; part of a red striped fine gingham shirt was found. There was also seen the remains of a chocolate colored jacket, part of a woman's bombazet dress, and part of a hemp cable, nearly new, of about nine or ten inches: several pigs of iron ballast had been taken up by fishermen, three of which were found by these gentlemen at Grates' Cove, measuring two feet four inches by five and a half inches. It is a most extraordinary circumstance that the cables were not bent to the anchors; it is therefore presumed that the vessel had not made the land—she was found to have three anchors besides a kedge. Three of the crew had been buried decently at Grates' Cove some time ago, attended to the grave by the inhabitants.

The party afterwards proceeded to Grates' Cove, where two of the anchors which had been picked up from the wreck were lying—one anchor only was marked on the crown of it with the figures 855, which it was concluded was the number and not the weight; this was the best bower and appeared to be about 10 cwt; they were both iron stocked. From the best information that could be obtained at Grates' Cove, there cannot be a doubt but £15-00 and upwards in Spanish dollars had been picked up in two kegs by ten persons belonging to that place, and divided among them. From all the circumstances it would appear that she must have been a Spanish vessel of about 160 tons.

The party, in making this inquiry, were alone influenced by motives of humanity to the relatives of the unfortunate sufferers, and it is to be hoped that the particulars now given will enable the owners, if they chance to meet this article, to determine what vessel she was; it certainly, however, was not the Thais packet, as had been at first conjectured.

We have obtained this intelligence and published the same at the particular request of several of our readers.—*Conception Bay Mercury, Aug.* 1.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

Prorogation of Parliament—King's Speech —Rejection of the Irish Tithes bill—Flight of Don Carlos.

The ship Champlain, Capt. Macy, arrived at New York on Friday, with London papers to the evening of August 15th and Liverpool to the 17th inclusive, being from the later port, fifteen days later than before received. We are indebted to the Journal of Commerce for the annexed items.

Parliament was prorogued on the 15th. The two Houses appear to have been thoroughly fitted against each other for some days previous to the prorogation.

In the House of Lords, August 11th, after an animated debate, the Irish tithes bill was *refused a second reading*, by a vote of 189 to 122. Majority against the second reading 67.

The Poor Laws Amendment Bill passed the House of Commons on the 8th, after some amendments.

The King gave his royal assent to the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill, the Court of Chancery (Ireland) Bill, the Registration of Voters (Scotland) Bill, the South Australian Colonization Bill, the Sale of Beer Bill, and to several other bills.

EXTRAORDINARY HEAT.

Such was the intense heat on Thursday the 17th inst. that the Merthyr mail (from Cardiff,) was detained nearly an hour at different places on the road in preventing the wheels being set on fire; the axletree was so hot, that a passenger severely burnt his hand in endeavoring to turn the screws.—*Merthyr Paper.*

A steam carriage, which left Glasgow on the 29th July, for Paisley, was totally destroyed on the road by the explosion of her boiler, and all the passengers, twelve in number, were killed or injured. Among the killed, were Capt. G. B. Gillman, and Thos. Blackwood of Glasgow, and James Morrison, Merchant of Gallagate; Mr. James Sergeant, Merchant of Leicester, was severely wounded.

LONDON, August 15.

KING'S SPEECH.

Prorogation in Parliament.

His Majesty went to the House of Lords this day, and prorogued the Parliament in the following speech:

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

'The numerous and important questions which have in the present, as in the two preceding years, been submitted to your consideration, have imposed upon you the necessity of extraordinary exertions, and it is with a deep sense of the care and labor which you have bestowed upon the public business, that I at length close this protracted session, and release you from your attendance.

'I continue to receive from all Foreign Powers assurances of their friendly disposition.

'The negociations, on account of which the Conferences in London upon the affairs of the Low Countries were suspended, have not yet been brought to a close; and I have still to lament the continued postponement of a final settlement between Holland and Belgium.

'On the other hand, I have derived the most sincere and lively satisfaction from the termination of the civil war which had so long distracted the kingdom of Portugal, and I rejoice to think that the Treaty which the state of affairs in Spain and in Portugal induced me to conclude with the King of the French, the Queen Regent of Spain, and the Regent of Portugal, and which has already been laid before you, contributed materially to produce this happy result.

'Events have since occurred in Spain to disappoint, for a time, the hopes of tranquility in that country, which the pacification of Portugal had inspired.

'To these events, so important to Great Britain, I shall give my most serious attention, in concert with France and the other Powers who are parties to the Treaty of 22d of April; and the good understanding which prevails between me and my Allies, encourages me to expect that our united endeavors will be attended with success.

'The peace of Turkey remains undisturbed, and I trust that no event will happen in that quarter to interrupt the tranquility of Europe.

'I have not failed to observe with approbation that you have directed your attention to those domestic questions which more immediately affect the general welfare of the community, and I have had much satisfaction in sanctioning your wise and benevolent intentions by giving my assent to the Act for the amendment and better administration of the laws relating to the Poor in England and Wales. It will be my duty to provide that the authority necessarily invested in Commissioners nominated by the Crown, be exercised with temperauce and caution; and I entertain a confident expectation that its prudent and judicious application, as well as the discreet enforcement of the other provisions of the Act, will, by degrees, remedy the evils which at present prevail, and whilst they elevate the character, will increase the comforts, and improve the condition of my people.

'The amendment of the law is one of your first and most important duties, and I rejoice to perceive that it has occupied so much of your attention. The establishment of a Central Court for the trial of offences in the metropolis and its neighbourhood, will I trust, improve the administration of justice within the populous sphere of its jurisdiction, and afford a useful example to every other part of the kingdom.

'To the important subjects of our Jurisprudence and of our Municipal Corporations, your attention will naturally be directed early in the next Session.—You may always rest assured of my disposition to co-operate with you in such useful reformations.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

'I thank you for the readiness with which you have granted the Supplies. The Estimates laid before you are somewhat lower than those of former years, although they included several extraordinary charges, which will not again occur. The same course of economy will still be steadily pursued. The continued increase of the revenue, notwithstanding the repeal of so many taxes, affords the surest proof that the resources of the country are unimpaired, and justifies the expectation that a perseverance in judicious and well considered measures will still further promote the industry and augment the wealth of my people.

"*My Lords and gentlemen.*

'It gives me great gratification to believe, that in returning to your several counties, you will find a prevalence of general tranquility and of active industry amongst all classes of society. I humbly hope that Divine Providence will vouchsafe a continuance and increase of these blessing, and, in any circumstances which may arise, I shall rely with confidence upon your zeal and fidelity. And I rest satisfied that you will incucate and encourage that obedience to the laws and that observance of the duties of religion and morality, which are the only secure foundations of the power and happiness of Empires,

The Lord Chancellor then declared the Parliament prorogued to the 25th of September next.

LONDON, August 14, 1834.—The County Coroner's Bill was properly thrown out by the Commons yesterday. The Lords insisted on their amendment, the object of which was to leave the Coroner, as at present, the power of carrying on an inquest with closed doors, whatever might be the object of the inquest, and however necessary publicity might be for furthering the ends of Justice. The Commons considered a declaratory clause necessary, so as to leave no doubt of the right of the public to be present at any inquiry which might involve not only the interests of a particular district, but of the whole community; and the Lords refusing to accede to so reasonable a proposition, the Bill was accordingly lost. It is satisfactory to find, however that in the Commons there was no difference of opinion on the subject. Both Lord Althorp and the Attorney General expressed themselves favorable to the measure, and next Session it will be renewed, but what prospect of success, time only can show. The feelings of the two houses towards each other at present, is such that the passing of any Bill, however necessary cannot be calculated on with any degree of certainty—the one House insists on some amendments, even of a trifling nature, the other House refuses to adopt them; the Bill in consequence falls to the ground.

SPAIN.

The spirited Address reported to the Spanish Chamber of Deputies in reply to the speech of the Queen, (which we have already published,) was taken up for consideration on the 4th. The question that the proposed address be put to the vote entire was carried in the affirmative by 48 to 36. The approbation of the address as a whole was next carried to 49 to 35. It was then ordered that it should be considered paragraph by paragraph, in the next sitting.

On the 5th it was accordingly taken up by paragraphs, some of which gave rise to a good deal of discussion. The first seven paragraphs were agreed to, with some slight amendments; but before getting through with the whole, the hour of adjournment arrived, and the Chamber adjourned accordingly.

PARIS, Aug. 11.—A despatch dated Ainhoa, Aug. 9, states that Elisondo, Udrache, and the whole line, have been evacuated by the Carlists. Rodil has left a corps of troops at Elisondo, and he has himself proceeded to Utzama against Zumalacarregni. Brigadier Figueiro has pursued the Guipuscoans as far as Ataun. Jaureguy is preparing to follow his movement.

According to the Indicateur de Bordeaux of the 9th, a paper which is in the habit of supplying curious information relative to the state of the civil war on the other side of the Pyrenees, speaks of the cause and prospects of Don Carlos as utterly destroyed. It says that Zumalacarregni had retreated to the mountains, and no longer ventures abroad, that Don Carlos keeps close to the French frontier, and was seen on the 6th at Lanz, ten minutes' walk from the neutral ground; and that so many precautions are taken to make it impossible that the insurgents should receive supplies from any quarter, that they are totally deprived of the means of carrying on the war, or keeping two days in the field.

The French Minister of War has ordered that all the corps forming the division of the Pyreuees should be included in an exceptional measure, which suspends the usual half yearly furloughs.

PARIS, Aug. 15.—A telegraphic despatch, dated Saint Jean de Luz, the 10th inst., transmitted yesterday the following intelligence to the Government:—'On the 9th inst., El Pastor was at Azpeytia, still in pursuit of the main force of the insurgents, who were hemmed in by his advanced guard. In their flight they took the direction of Ataun, and El Pastor announced his intention to put himself at the head of his advanced guard to act against the rebels in case of resistance on their part.'—The Government has also received fresh information respecting the last operations of Gen. Rodil; a principal object of his rapid march upon Elisondo, was to clear the Valley of Bastan. On this account, while his advanced guard entered Elisondo, he sent a strong column to Saint Estevan. By the firmness and rapidity of this movement Don Carlos and Zumalacarregny by Leiza, where Zumalacarregny divided his columns and sent away the Guipuscoans into their province. The insurgent General taken in the rear by the movements of Rodil, and pressed towards his right by the victorious march of El Pastor, who had reached Azpeytia, and was pushing forward to Ataun, hastened to the other side of the Amescoas to concentrate his scattered forces at Beunza. Rodil now took possession of the most important holds in the Valley of Bastan, and turned round in pursuit of Zumalacarregny. On the 10th his right wing was at Lecumberry, and his left at Belatta, opposite Beunsa.'

A letter of the 8th inst., from Bayonne, says —'Don Carlos was at a small village called Uroz, near the frontier.'

A young and very handsome girl, belonging to one of the most respectable families in the State, was on Sunday morning last taken from the steps of a house in Mott-street to the Duane street Hospital, far advanced in cholera, and died before nightfall. Whilst under the charge of the physicians at the hospital, she informed them of the circumstances which had led to her dreadful downfall and subsequent death. She had for a length of time been assiduously courted by an assiduous and accomplished young man of good standing, who on Saturday evening last, succeeded, after much persuasion in enticing her to the house from which she was removed to the hospital. About 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, she was attacked very severely with all the symptoms of Cholera. The heartless villain who had deceived her, and had almost forced her into the jaws of destruction and death, deserted her to her fate as soon as the symptoms of the disease made their appearance, and left her to the tender mercies of the bedlame who kept the gate of perdition which the victim lay within; but who, immediately hearing of the fact, turned the poor creature into the street to die. She was taken up from the pavement by some persons who actually witnessed her cruel ejectment, and carried by them to the hospital. During the few hours she lay there, she incessantly wept for her horrid fate, accompanying her lamentations with prayers for the welfare of *him* who had brought this untimely ruin upon her head—and whose name, though repeatedly importuned to disclose, she carried to the grave unuttered.

New York Times.

Summary of Foreign Intelligence.

Three hundred more foreign merchant vessels arrived at London in 1834 than the previous year.

The commerce of the Baltic has much decreased, in consequence of temperance societies, causing a diminished exportation of corn from there to Amsterdam, to be distilled into brandy and gin.

The Marquis of Anglesea being in debt £600,000 is compelled to sell off some of his mining estates, which will still leave him an income of $40,000 per annum.

The rattlesnake trade from America to England begins to be prosecuted with considerable vigor—the consignment being labelled 'good merchantable rattlesnakes.' There are already one hundred of them exhibiting in the Tower at London; and John Bull expresses apprehensions that this new Yankee species of merchandize may in time become domiciliated in England.

A lady of much beauty, at Brighton, having been 'crossed in love,' has shut herself up in total darkness for the last ten years. We understand there are two sisters on Staten Island, New York, who have for the last twenty years submitted themselves (we do not know for what reason) to the same specific consolation.

FOUL MURDER.

The official Gazette of Guadaloupe, received by way of Charleston, contains the following:

A horrible crime was committed on the 12th of this month, [June,] at Point Petre, Guadaloupe, on the body of Francisque Vaille, harbormaster. His body was found, pierced with 18 poignard wounds. The perpetrator of this crime is a man of the name of Marianna; he embarked the next day on board the schr. Condor, which vessel cleared for Porto Rico, to touch at Dominica and St. Thomas. Marianna carries with him a sum of money which was stolen, it is supposed, from the residence of the said Vaille.

DESCRIPTION OF MARIANNA.

Speaks Spanish and Italian, and also imperfect French; six feet high; light hair, light and pale complexion; *greenish eyes*, aquiline nose, oval face, a round scar on his right cheek, and a fresh wound on one of his hands, received, probably, in the scuffle with Vaille.

Marianna had an accomplice, who is marked with the small-pox, and wears large whiskers.

It is ascertained that Marianna sailed from St. Thomas on the 18th June, for New York. He had a Danish passport.

Singular Attachment.

An old gentleman [Mr. Stavely, now living at Clifton, near York,] is at present an object of great interest, on account of the singular companion by whom he is almost invariably accompanied—viz., a gander belonging to Mr. Cass, a farmer residing in that township. The bird, every morning about five o'clock, comes from its own domicile near the Marquee, to Mr. Stavely's residence; and by its cackling noise calls the old gentleman up. It then accompanies him in all his rambles during the day, and is frequently to be seen in our busy streets, close at his heels, utterly heedless of the throng around, and the crowds of children by whom the pair are often accompanied. When Mr. Stavely sits down to rest himself—which he is frequently obliged to do, from his age and infirmities—the gander immediately sits down at his feet. There are several places at which the old gentleman has been in the habit of resting; and now, just before he arrives at them, his feathered companion starts off, and, arrived at the spot a little before Mr. S., it turns round, by a flap of his wings, and a cackling noise, intimates that they have arrived at their resting-place. If any one molests the old gentleman, the gander chatters at, and bites him, if possible. If he goes into a public-house it enters also, if permitted, and stands behind him while he drinks his glass of ale; sometimes partaking of the refreshing beverage. If not permitted to enter the house, it remains at the door till Mr. Stavely comes out. Altogether, this circumstance forms one of the most surprising traits in the natural history of the goose with which we are acquainted.

Yorkshire [Eng.] Gazette.

SICKNESS.—Sickness and disease are in weak minds the sources of melancholy; but that which is painful to the body may be profitable to the soul. Sickness, the mother of modesty, puts us in mind of our mortality; and while drive on heedlessly, in the full career of worldly pomp and jolity, kindly pulls us by the ear, and brings us to a proper sense of our duty.

One morning, after a tempestuous night, during which several trees were rooted up, Dr. Vince, of Cambridge, met a friend, who said:—"Good morning, doctor; a terrible wind this!" —"Yes, sir," replied the doctor, smiling; "quite a mathematical wind, for I see it has extracted several roots!'

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A gentleman found that a species of vegetables called onions, were in the constant habit of disappearing from his garden without an assignable cause, except the agency of a negro of his.

He accordingly applied the hickory very plentifully to the supposed delinquent, notwithstanding his lamentable protestations of innocence. A day or two after, he was surprised by the entrance into his room of the negro, preceded by a formidable stench, bearing in his arms a certain grey animal, known commonly as the *polecat*. "Here, massa," cried the negro, "I tole you you whip me for nothin —here 'em chap what steal he ingyon. I smell he bref."

THE ADVOCATE.

Thursday, September 25, 1834.

☞ ANOTHER DUN. ☜

We make another appeal to the hearts and pockets of our subscribers. We know money is scarce, but we do not believe that there is a single individual subscriber, who cannot afford to pay the paltry sum due us. Men seem to forget that printers cannot live upon air—that their Paper, their Ink, their Journeymen, demand CASH. Our expenses are heavy—honest debts must be paid, and we feel assured that our friends, after this renewed appeal, will not withhold from us the small sums which they can at any time command. By complying with this reasonable request, we will be enabled to pursue our editorial course with invigorated zeal and alacrity.

The indisposition of the Editor will account for the want of editorial matter, and the late appearance of the paper this week.

In another column of our paper will be found a letter addressed to the Hon. Wm. Hiester, present member of Congress, and now a candidate for re-election, by an Anti-Mason of this county. If Mr. Hiester, or any of his friends feel aggrieved, our columns are open for them to reply.

The Canal is now in fine order, and the late breaches have been thoroughly repaired, we believe. We understand the second track of the Rail Road will be completed by the middle of the next month, and that the rope is laid at the inclined plane at Columbia. By next spring we hope to see the Locomotives in active operation and to realize something of the long deferred benefits from our public improvements.

School Law.

In the townships of East Donegal, East and West Hempfield, Manor, Conestoga, and Salisbury, Directors favorable to the School Law were chosen. In the townships of West Donegal, Mountjoy, Elizabeth, Raphœ, Warwick, Cocalico, Lampeter, Lancaster, Leacock, Strasburg, Sadsbury, and Bart, Directors opposed to the Law were chosen. We have no information from the other townships as to the result. In Lancaster City, Directors favorable were chosen.

Dickinson College was opened on the 10th inst. by an address from the Rev. G. P. Durbin, President.

Baltimore Intelligencer.—We have received a new daily paper with the above title, published by Charles F. Cloud, formerly one of the publishers of the Saturday Visiter. It is well got up, and is published at $4 per year.

COMMUNICATONS.

FOR THE MARIETTA ADVOCATE.

September, 25th, 1834.

Hon. Wm. Hiester,

Dear Sir:—Believing you will without hesitation, acknowledge the right of the constituent, to enquire into the conduct and motives of the agent, or representative; I beg leave as one of your constituents, to address you on the subject of your conduct, as my representative; and as your name is again before the public for re-election, I deem it proper, before the day of election, to address you in this public manner, so that you may have it in your power, through the same medium, to give your answers, explanations, contradictions or denials, of certain charges brought against, and questions put to you.

My claim to your attention deserves additional force I think, from the circumstance that I am now, and have for years been, a sincere Anti-Mason, and have always to the best of my abilities, supported your election to the office you now fill; and on your answers and explanations to this letter, in a great measure, my continued support will depend; and be assured Dear Sir, there are hundreds if not thousands of Anti-masons, in this county, who are similarly situated in relation to this matter.

You no doubt are aware, that the majority of the leading men of our party, pretend, and boldly assert, that Anti-masons as a distinct party, have nothing to do with the Bank question, in relation to the selection of candidates for office; that the only question is, "Is he a thorough-going uncompromising Anti-mason?" This being premised, I proceed to ask some questions, and state some charges, which those anti-masons who differ with you on the Bank question, are continually asking, and preferring, i. e. They ask "if the principles of the party are as above stated, that is to say, that Bank or no Bank, is no question among them. How did it happen, that last winter every member of the Legislature of our party (who doubtless were the legal representatives of the party) unanimously and suddenly dropped Mr. Rush (who doubtlessly was, and still is, an uncompromising anti-mason) and supported for United States Senator, a man, who was scarcely known as an anti-mason, one who had never used any exertion to benefit, or advance our cause? Could all this, think you, have happened by mere chance? or had the Bank some influence, in effecting this wonder-working? because Rush was known by his answer to Robinson and Jackson of the State Senate, to be opposed to the Bank; and Clark was willing as appears, for the sake of office, or perhaps for the sake of a *loan* to support it; at all events, if chance brought that subject about, we are compelled to believe, that all the subsequent votes, which had any relation to the United States Bank chance also brought about that all the anti-masons in the Legislature were on one side.

Why these questions are put to you, may at first blush appear strange; inasmuch as you were not at Harrisburg, but at Washington when these things occurred; but Sir, when you are informed, that many anti-masons charge you with being the prime mover of this wire work, you will I hope see the propriety of answering to the charge. It is believed that you are a large stockholder in the United States Bank, and that consequently you are deeply interested in its recharter, and as Mr. Rush, who at the previous session of the Legislature, was the favorite, nay the almost idolised candidate of our party for United States Senator, and as he had expressed himself in the fall of 1833, rather unfavorable to the recharter of the Bank, under these circumstances it is believed, firmly believed, by the anti-bank anti-masons, that Mr. Biddle cuningly devised a plan, to ruin Mr. Rush's standing in the anti-masonic party, and thereby gain it in a body over to the Bank; and that in this plan it is believed, you was the chief instrument; that Mr. Biddle through you, induced Messrs Robinson and Jackson to write that famous letter to Mr. Rush, charging him with opposition to the Bank, and telling him that their constituents were favorable to the recharter of it.—Now it is asked how did these gentlemen know that their constituents were thus minded? inasmuch as no opportunity had offered, during the summer, to test that question. It is therefore believed, that you, and you alone, in this county, was consulted on the subject by those gentlemen, and that you are called by them, "their constituents," and the answer of Mr. Rush although it breathed the genuine spirit of anti-masonry, yet it also breathed the genuine patriotism of a disciple of Jefferson in relation to the Bank of the United States, and this was the only cause which induced the Bank wig anti-masons to denounce him, and thus the cunningly devised plan was through your instrumentality effected and as was (until lately) believed, that the anti-masonic party in a body went over to the Bank. If the foregoing statements and surmises are facts, I ask, what becomes of the pretence, that anti-masonry has nothing to do in the question of Bank or no Bank?

Again, Dear Sir, the question is frequently asked by the members of our party, who are opposed to the United States Bank; do you believe, that Mr. Hiester would have been again put on our ticket for re-election, if he had opposed the rechartering of the Bank? or if he had been as silent on that subject at Washington, as he has ever been on the subject of anti-masonry? This question I think you will, as an honest man, unhesitatingly answer in the negative, and if so, I again ask, what becomes of the assertion that Bank or no Bank, is no question among anti-masons?

And again, those anti-masons who are conscientiously opposed to the United States Bank, charge you directly with denying your distinguishing party name, when at Washington.—They say, that although at home, when you claim their votes, you pretend to be a thorough-going uncompromising anti-mason, but that, as soon as you take your seat at Washington, you are ashamed of your party name, and assume the borrowed one of National Republican, or whig; and this is not all, you there, it is said, act with high Masons, and make them your most intimate associates; that there, you laugh at the ignorance and simple credulity of those who elected you as an uncompromising anti-mason. Now if these charges are not founded in truth, you can easily refute them, by showing when, and where, you advocated anti-masonry in Congress. You can easily produce from the motions you made, or the resolutions you offered and advocated on the subject. If this be not done by you, what shall we think? in that case, must we not believe that like the Jack Daw, when at Washington, you appear in the borrowed Bank wig feathers, and when your term of service is about expiring, you strip off your Bank plumage, and return to your duped constituents, under the plain garb of an anti-mason, and having again duped them, you go again in your new wig dress to Washington.

I hope, Dear Sir, that you will think the foregoing of sufficient importance to give it your serious attention, and I also sincerely hope, that you will be able and willing to give satisfactory answers, and explanations to the questions put, and to the charges brought; for on those answers and explanations, in a great measure depends your success at the coming election; for rely upon it, I repeat it, there are I am convinced, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of anti-masons in Lancaster county alone, who, if you are unable or unwilling satisfactorily to answer the foregoing questions, and satisfactorily to do away those charges, they will be (reluctantly it is true) compelled to discard you as their representative, and vote for your opponent Mr. Champneys, who, it is true, is not a professed Anti-mason, but it is also true, that he is not a Mason, and if elected will be a powerful aid to put down that moneyed monopoly, which is about enslaving the American people, and which, is more secret, and much more dangerous to the perpetuation of our free institutions, than all the Masonic Lodges in the Union. Yours,

An Anti-mason of the R. Rush kind.

P. S. This letter would have been offered for publication at the "Herald Office," but as its Editors advocate streuously the doctrine, "that Bank or no Bank" is no question among Anti-Masons, and as the letter shows the fallacy of that doctrine, it was feared they would refuse publishing it. I sent it therefore, to a neutral paper, which admits both sides of politics.

Great Fire in New York.

WALL STREET CHURCH DESTROYED.

The elegant Church in Wall street, New York, known as the first Presbyterian Church, was discovered to be on fire, about half past five o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The moment the alarm was given—says a slip from the office of the Journal of Commerce—we hastened to the residence of a friend, which overlooked and nearly adjoins the church, and from the upper windows had a perfect view of the conflagration, which was at once awful and magnificent. When we reached our point of observation, a sheet of flame was streaming through the roof, a little to the east of the ridge, and about two-thirds the distance from the steeple to the rear of the building. For a considerable extent in every direction from this flame, smoke was pressing upwards thro' the shingles, and ere long the whole body of the roof was a mass of living fire, sending forth such volumes of flame as we scarcely ever witnessed, although we have been present at nearly every conflagration which has occurred in this city for the last six years. The conspicuity of the flames had attracted vast multitudes to the spot, and by this time several thousand persons were present, gazing with intense interest on the spectacle before them. The fire now ascended the steeple both from within and without, the bell in the mean time being rung until the rope burnt off, and portions of the roof successively falling in, and passing through the ceiling into the body of the church. We must leave the imagination of the reader to picture the scene of this moment, for language cannot do it. The steeple burned with more fury even than the roof.

At length the bell, that had so faithfully sounded the alarm on this as on other occasions, fell a victim to its own steadfastness, and down it tumbled, through we know not how many doors, till it found a resting place. The top of the Cupalo, which of course was first to take fire, remained but partially burnt, when the timbers that supported it gave way, and down it came with a heavy crash into the body of the church. In the sequel, every part of the building that was combustible, was destroyed, and the amount of the timber and other wood work employed in its construction was immense. The walls stand firm, being nearly or quite two feet thick, and also the stone work of the tower, extending to the height perhaps of 60 feet. The dimensions of the building were 97 feet by 68. It was erected in 1810, on the scite of a former edifice occupied by the same society. The present structure was built of brown stone, the front being ornamented with pillars of the same material, in demi-relief, with Corinthian capitals. The spire was ornamented with pillars to correspond.—The whole cost of the building was $47,000. The insurance is $20,000, which is divided equally between two offices in Wall street.

FROM THE GLOBE.

Statement of the amount of Gold remaining in the Mint uncoined the 8th of Sept. 1834, with the amount deposited for coinage within the week ending Sept. 13, together with the amount of Gold Coinage executed and of coins delivered within the same period.

Remaining uncoined at the Mint Sept. 6.		$651,000
Deposited for coinage during the week ending the 13th Sept. viz:		
Uncoined bullion	120,000	
Coins of the United States of former standard	4,000	
Foreign Coins	208,000	
		332,000
		983,000
Amount coined during the week ending 13th September		180,000
Remaining uncoined		$803,000

AERIAL VOYAGE.

MR. MILLS'S LETTER,

To the Editor of the United States Gazette.

Philadelphia, 16th Sept. 1834.

Sir—At half-past four o'clock, on one of the finest afternoons I have ever seen, I set off in my balloon from the yard in Broad street. Having made the gas with an unusual material, (zinc) and having previously mixed and cooled the sulphuric acid and water, I could not exactly estimate the time necessary to inflate, and did not, therefore, entirely fill the balloon. This was the less necessary, as, from the settled and calm state of the weather, I could not expect to be carried to any great distance by the wind. At the appointed time exactly, having sufficient ascending power for the occasion, I rose; the barometer standing at 30.2, and the thermometer at 80 degrees. The stillness of the air enabled me to rise almost vertically, so that, before I left the region of the city, I had reached a height which gave me a view of it, like that in a small map. The regularity of the streets, lined with people, the crowded house tops, and the vast concourse around the inclosure, the noise of carts and shouts of the multitude, produced, altogether, an effect which must be observed, to be appreciated. My course at first was nearly north, slightly inclined to the east. Then a current of air, from the eastward, propelled me gently to the west, so that my course lay a few hundred yards north of the New Prison. The view of the Schuylkill, its boats—ships—bridges and water-works, always beautiful, looked magnificent from so great an elevation. Altogether, it is difficult to imagine any thing finer than Philadelphia, seen from a great height. Its regularity, its extent and its two rivers, give a remarkable diversity to the scene, and causes one to regret that the observer must be carried away from it.

After crossing Schuylkill, the air became, at so great height, very keen and piercing, and made me regret the want of a good warm great coat. The thermometer fell to 31 degrees, making a difference of temperature of 49 deg., in the course of little more than an hour. At the same time my respiration was uncomfortable, and a head-ache completed the inconvenience of my situation.

I had for the first time, an opportunity of seeing from a balloon, a bright sunset, and of looking at the sun after his rays no longer reached the dark looking earth beneath me. The eye at this height, suffers more, from observing the setting sun, than it does below; or perhaps my head-ache may have caused me to notice a difference, which seemed remarkable.

Warned by the increasing obscurity of the world below, I began to descend; and at six o'clock and twenty minutes, reached the earth in a fine green field, near the Spread Eagle, on the Lancaster turnpike, 16 miles from Philadelphia. As I descended very slowly, two young gentlemen, and Dr. Matlack of Philadelphia, came to my assistance; and laying hold of the car, in which I remained, towed me about a quarter of a mile to the tavern, where I alighted; balloon and passenger safe and sound. Before discharging the gas, several ladies got successively into the car, and were let up as far as the anchor rope would permit. The gas was let out, and the balloon folded. In doing this, a cricket was unfortunately included, and having to cut his way out, he made the only break in the balloon which occurred on this expedition.

Mr. Horn of the Spread Eagle, treated me with great kindness, and Dr. Matlack politely offered me a conveyance to the city, which I reached at 1 this morning.

Disappointed in my hopes of a brisk wind, I shall make another ascension soon, that I may see how far a balloon may be made to travel.

Very respectfully, yours,

JAMES MILLS.

The Seckel Pear.

We agreed with our respected correspondent, immediately on reading his letter at page 193 of our current volume, that 'the name of the gentleman who first cultivated the fruit,' was also the true name of this noted pear; and consequently that his uniform practice of spelling his own name must be the standard orthography. Unwilling to depend solely on our own recollections however, though *very distinct*: and desirous that the point in difference should be speedily brought to a close—we wrote without delay to our obliging and intelligent friend *Daniel Longstreth* of Bucks co. for more particular and positive information. His knowledge of the city, well qualified him for the task; and though unexpected circumstances prevented an immediate answer, yet it has now arrived, and we present it herewith:

'The land on which the original tree stands, belonged to *Lawrence Seckel* a distinguished and public spirited merchant of Philadelphia. His store was in Market st. For many years he was one of the managers of the Pennsylvania Hospital. He owned a row of houses on the west side of Eighth Street, from Mulberry to Filberry Street, known by the name of *Seckel's Row*; and a street in that city still bears the name of *Seckel*. It is well known that *Lawrence Seckel always spelled his name in this manner.*'

From the same source we also learn that about two years ago, Joshua Longstreth, of Philadelphia, a merchant of great respectability and distinction, in company with the Secretary of the Massachussetts Horticultural Society, paid a visit to the original tree. It stands in 'The Neck' about 5 miles below the city and about 1 mile above the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, on alluvial soil. One side of the trunk was decayed and gone; but the other half appeared healthy with vigorous branches well loaded with fruit. It had every mark of an ancient tree.

From *Lawrence Seckel* this property passed into the possession of the late *Stephen Girard*, and is now held by the Corporation of Philadelphia.

V.

Gennessee Farmer.

Monuments of the Mississippi.—One of the most interesting subjects that can engage the attention of the historian, the antiquarian, and the naturalist, is the monumental remains of the past in the valley of the Mississippi, described by Mr. Flint, and other travellers in the far off West. By these accounts it appears that the impress of the leaves of the bread fruit tree, and the bamboo, have frequently been found in the peat beds, and fossil coal formations in the neighborhood of the Ohio.—Pebbles of disruption, vast masses of lead ore, far from the mine, stratified rocks, earth and sands, specimens of organic, animal and vegetable remains, belonging to a tropical climate, clearly indicate some important extensive changes, occasioned by fire or water, in the whole great valley of the Mississippi. Then the regular wells, the bricks, the medals, the implements of iron and copper, buried in a soil that must have been undisturbed for ages, with the alphabetic characters written on their cliffs, as plainly show that other races of men have existed and passed away. And what a world, says Mr. Flint, must that have been, when the mammoth and the megelonyx trod the plains, and monstrous lizards, whose bones, are now rescued from the soil, and which must have been at least eighty feet in length, reared their heads from the rivers and lakes!

Discovery of Interesting Manuscripts—From the August number of the New Monthly Magazine, we learn that M. Ruppel, an accomplished traveller, now on his return from Abyssinia, has discovered, and brings with him, a number of manuscripts of great value. The most remarkable of these is a copy of a Bible, containing an additional book of Esdras, and a considerable addition to the Book of Esther; none of these augmentations of the Bible have yet been heard of in Europe. It contains also the book of Enoch, and the fifteen new Psalms, the existence of which has been for some time known among the learned.—Another curious manuscript is a species of code, which the Abyssinians carry as far back as the Council of Nice, when they say, it was promulgated by one of their kings. The code is divided into two books; the first of which relates to the canon law, and treats of the relations between the church and the temporal power; and the second is purely a civil code. M. Roppel has also with him some Abyssinian church hymns, which display the only indications of poetry which has been found to exist among the Abyssinians.—*N. York Com. Adv.*

MARRIED.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bowman, Mr. Samuel Bailie, Merchant, of Pittsburg, to Miss Christiana, daughter of the late Mr. Jacob Duchman, of Lancaster city.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Baker, Mr. John Hinkle, of Rapho township, to Miss Anna Mary Johnson, of Mountjoy township.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

CONGRESS.
BENJAMIN CHAMPNEYS.
SENATE.
JOHN SLAYMAKER.
ASSEMBLY.
JOHN F. STEINMAN,
JOHN MOUK,
GARDINER FURNACE,
JOHN CLARK,
JAMES McPHAIL,
WILLIAM HENDERSON.
COMISSIONER.
JACOB BACHMAN,
DIRECTOR.
JACOB ZERCHER.
SAMUEL BRUAU.
AUDITOR.
Dr. F. A THOMAS.

ANTI-MASONIC TICKET.

CONGRESS.
WILLIAM HIESTER.
SENATOR.
JOHN STROHM.
ASSEMBLY.
E. C. REIGAT, JACOB ERB,
LEAVIN H. JACKSON,
EDWARD DAVIES,
SAMUEL S. PATTERSON,
FREDERICK HIPPLE.
COMMISSIONER.
ADAM BARE.
DIRECTORS.
MARTIN SWAR, JOHN MILLER.
AUDITOR.
THOMAS C. COLLINS.

PRICES CURRENT.

	Marietta	*Balt.*	*Phil.*
Flour (wheat)	$4,62½	5,12½	5,25
Rye Flour	300	3,50	3,75
Corn	60	66	65
Wheat	1,00	1,02	1,12
Rye	60	66	66
Oats	28	32	32
Cloverseed	2,75	4,25	4,25
Whiskey	27½	30	30
Flaxseed	125	1,60	1,62
Butter	12	"	"
Eggs	8		"

PRICES OF LUMBER.

The following are the prices of the different kinds of Lumber for Sale in this borough, viz:

W. P. Panel Boards Pr. M.			$22,00 $24,00
Do. do. First common	"	"	from 15,00 to 16,00
Do. do. Second com.	"	"	$9,00 to 10,00
Do. do. Cullings	"	"	$6,00 to 7,00
Plank one inch, same rate			" "
First common yellow pine			$20,00 to 22,00
Second common do	do	from	$12,00 to 15,00
Shingles 27 inch from $5,00 to			10,00
do. 24 from $5,00 to			7,00
Scantling white Pine from $9,00			to 11,00
Do. Hemlock, from $7,00 to			8,00
Cherry boards from $20,00 to			25,00
Chair Plank, good, $18,00			20,00
Locust posts finished, pr. 100		from	$30 to 40,00
Do do rough	"	"	from $20 to 28,00
Hogshead Staves pr. m.	"		from $20 to 25,00
Barrel do	"	"	from $7 to 9,00
Sawed pine and Hemlock Rails pr. 100 from			$6, to 8,00

Friends of Jackson & Liberty Awake!!

Democratic Meeting.

Agreeably to a resolution passed on the 6th inst. an adjourned meeting of all opposed to a United States Bank, will be held on Thursday evening the 2nd of October next, at the public house of Col. N. Latchem, in the Borough of Marietta, for the purpose of selecting a suitable person to be supported for the office of Inspector, on the following day.

J. GROSH, *Chairman.*

N. B. The members of the Committee of Vigilance appointed at the former meeting, will please attend, for the purpose of organization, &c.

A general attendance of all who are friendly to the cause, is respectfully requested. Other matters relating to the election will be proposed and discussed at the meeting.

Dissolution of Partnership.

This day was dissolved the partnership in the Tailoring business, known under the firm of RATHVON and McCLELLAND; all persons indebted to the firm are requested to make payment to Simon S. Rathvon immediately, and all persons having claims against the firm are requested to present their claims to S. S. Rathvon for payment.

S. S. RATHVON,
SAMUEL McCLELLAND.

Marietta, September 22, 1834.

Tailoring.

S. S. RATHVON respectfully informs his old customers and the public generally, that he has taken the shop into his own hands, and is now prepared to execute work in all its various branches.

Marietta, September 25, 1834.

NOTICE.

I do hereby notify all persons indebted to me, that I have transferred my Books (containing amounts against sundry individuals) to Abraham Cassel for collection.

JAMES STEELE.

Marietta, September 18, 1834.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED to James Steele, will please take notice that I am duly authorised to collect and receive all monies due on his Books, and further I would notify all those indebted to the said James Steele, that if their respective amounts are not settled and paid by the *first* of NOVEMBER next, the Books will be left with a Magistrate for collection.

ABRAHAM CASSEL.

Marietta September 18, 1834.

MUSICAL TUITION.

JOHN P. WIND,

Professor of Music, begs leave to inform the citizens of Marietta and its vicinity, that he will commence giving instructions on the

PIANO FORTE.

Terms.—Eight dollars per course of 30 lessons for Piano Forte.

References:—George Willig, Philadelphia; John Reinstein, Lancaster Pa.; Jacob Fetter, Bethlehem Pa.

J. P. W. will at all times have the latest music published for Piano Forte.

Piano Forte's Tun'd and repaired at the shortest notice.

J. P. W. may always be found at John J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel.

Marietta, August 28th, 1834.

Notice.

I hereby forewarn all persons from shooting on my Farm. I am determined to prosecute every person, who after this notice, trespasses in any manner on my property.

FRANCES EVANS.

Donegal Sept. 18, 1834.

For Sale.

An excellent *STONE COAL STOVE*, cast at the Margaretta Furnace, P. Benedict's patent. The owner having no further use for it, it will be sold a bargain.

Enquire at this Office.

Marietta, September 18, 1834.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

POETRY.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Folly.

There is folly in all the world,
Or go we east or west,
A folly that vexes the old,
And keeps the young from rest.

The miser has folly enough,
For his soul is in sordid bags,
And the spendthrift's folly, alas!
Brings him to sin and rags.

There is folly in statesmen's schemes,
For, spite of their plotting and wit,
There's a wiser hand above
That leads them with bridle and bit.

There's folly in power and pride,
That makes full many to fall,
There's folly in maiden's love,
But that is the sweetest of all.

But of all the follies, the worst—
For it stings with constant smart,
The scorpion of the mind—
Is that of a thankless heart.

For the thankless heart is cursed,
And with blessings encompass'd grieves
For it cannot rejoice with the hand
That gives nor yet receives.

To be thankful makes better the good;
And if Heaven should send us ill,
There is kindness in him that gives—
So let us be thankful still.

O let us be thankful in youth,
And let us be thankful in age—
And let us be thankful through life,
For there's pleasure in every stage.

Youth has its own sweet joys,
And he must be blind as a bat,
Who cannot see love's sweet smile,
And will not be thankful for that.

There are friends the dearest to cheer,
Ere half our sand is run—
And affection makes wintry days
As bright as the summer's sun.

And when from the dearest on earth
We part, let us hope 'tis given—
A boon to be thank'd for still—
To meet them again in heaven.

The Sensitive Plant.

"Nay, little trembler, shrink not thus,
As though a foe were nigh;
I would n t harm thy smallest leaf—
Then let thy terrors fly.

Alas! 'mongst human kind there be
Hearts sensitive as thou,
Who hear in every tone reproof,
See frowns on every brow.

Oh may I ne'er such dark distrust
With needful caution blend!
But rather view, till else I've proved,
Each stranger as a friend."

Summer Song's.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Night-Blowing Flowers.

CHILDREN of night! unfolding meekly, slowly,
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
When dark-blue heavens look softest and most holy,
And glow-worm light is in the forest bowers;
To solemn things and deep,
To spirit-haunted sleep,
To thoughts, all purified
From earth, ye seem allied,
O dedicated flowers!

Ye, from the crowd your vestal beauty turning,
Keep in dim urns the precious odour shrined,
Till steps are hushed and faithful stars are burning,
And the moon's eye looks down, serenely kind!
So doth love's dreaming heart
Dwell from the throng apart;
And but to shades disclose
The inmost thought which glows,
With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day rejoices,
To no triumphant song your petals thrill;
But yield their fragrance with the faint sweet voices,
Rising from hidden founts when all is still,
So doth lone prayer arise,
Mingling with secret sighs,
When grief unfolds, like you,
Her breast, for heavenly dew,
In silent hours to fill.

The Senator.

A Senator, who was not esteemed the wisest man in the house, had a custom of shaking his head when another spoke; which giving offence to a particular person, he complained of the indignity. Hereupon, one who had been acquainted with the first gentleman from a child, as he told the house, assured them it was only the effect of an ill habit—"For," says he, "though he often shakes his head, there is nothing in it."

Removal.

JOHN FULTZ, TAILOR.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has removed his Shop, from front street to his residence in Market Street, 6 doors above J. Bahn's and directly opposite W. McClure, where all work entrusted to him will be attended to with neatness and despatch.

Marietta, August 7, 1834.

NOTICE.

Whereas my Wife MARGARET, has left my Bed and Board, without any just cause, and in my absence has taken away or gave chance to others to take away or destroy what property I entrusted her with in my absence, I therefore warn all persons against trusting or harboring her on my account, as I am determined not to pay one cent of her contracting after this date.

HENRY BODENSTADT.

Marietta September 18, 1834.

CAUTION.

Whereas my husband (HENRY BODENSTADT) has advertised me, as having left his bed and board without any just cause, and also charges me with allowing persons to take away or destroy his property, these charges are without foundation, I had just cause for leaving him and I never destroyed or allowed any person to destroy his property. He warns the public not to trust me on his account, I now warn the public not to trust him, as he can get as much on my account as I can on his.

MARGARET BODENSTADT.

Marietta, September 18, 1834.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS much complaint has been made that a number of the Streets and Alleys within this borough remain enclosed:

Be it therefore Resolved in Council assembled, that the supervisor of the Borough is hereby directed to open the said streets and alleys, and remove all incumberances therefrom, on or before the 10th day of October 1834, and at any time thereafter if obstructions should remain or be placed thereon, to remove the same according to law.

Done in Council this 9th day of September 1834.

ABRAHAM VARLEY,
President of Council.

Attest, A. N. Cassel, T. C.
Marietta Sept. 18, 1834.

Notice.

I hereby forewarn all persons from shooting on my Farm. I am determined to prosecute every person, who after this notice, trespasses in any manner on my property.

FRANCES EVANS.

Donegal Sept. 18, 1834.

For Sale.

An excellent *STONE COAL STOVE*, cast at the Margaretta Furnace, P. Benedict's patent. The owner having no further use for it, it will be sold a bargain.

Enquire at this Office.

Marietta, September 18, 1834.

6 Cents & a bunch of Bristles

REWARD.

Ranaway from the subscriber living in this borough, on Monday evening the 8th of September, 1834, two indented apprentices to the Shoemaking business, named

GEORGE J. BENNET,
AND
STEPHEN FITTERY.

The subscriber will give the above reward to any person who will bring back the said apprentices, but charges will not be paid.

All persons are now warned neither to harbor or trust said apprentices.

THOMAS STENCE.

Marietta September 11, 1834.

NEW SCHOOL.

"THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE AMONG THE MASS OF SOCIETY, IS THE STRONGEST DEFENCE OF REPUBLICS."

The subscriber has opened a SCHOOL for the reception of SCHOLARS, in the building formerly occupied by Messrs. Hertzler and Wilson. He will teach the following branches:

Orthography, Reading, Penmanship, Geography, Arithmetic English and Latin
GRAMMAR, ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY, NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, RHETORIC, DECLAMATION and *CHEMISTRY.*

It shall be his earnest endeavor to reach the minds and understandings of his pupils, to show them, not only the effect, but also the cause,—the "why's and wherefores." By strictly adhering to the above mode of teaching, he hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

Should any person, at the end of the term, be dissatisfied with the progress of his or her pupils, to him or her, no charge will be made.

Terms.—Orthography, Reading, Penmanship, Geography and Arithmetic, per quarter, $2.50. All other branches $3.

Public lectures will occasionally be given on some of the above branches.

Parents and Guardians are respectfully invited to visit the school frequently.

J. A. RYERSON.

Marietta September 11, 1834.

Notice to Gunners.

The public are warned against HUNTING on the property of the subscriber in York co. Those trespassing after this notice, will be dealt with acording to law.

CHRISTIAN KEESEY.

York co. July 31, 1834.

WINDOW SASH.

Cheap Window Sash of every size and description for sale by

J. Grosh.

Marietta Sept. 11, 1834.

Removal.

ASHBEL GREEN, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

COLUMBIA, PA.

Has removed his office, to his residence in Second, between Locust and Walnut Streets.

A. G. Jr. will attend at Marietta on every Thursday, for the transaction of business, and may be found at Libhart's Hotel.

Columbia, June 12, 1834.

Drug Store.

DR. J. GLATZ,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has just received, at his old stand, in Market Street, a fresh assortment of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,
Paints, Dye Stuffs, and Oils.

SWAIMS PANACEA, ALBRIGHTS COLUMBIAN SYRUP, DR. ELIJAH PRATT'S ARTIFICIAL NIPPLE'S MILK OF ROSES, CHLORINE TOOTH WASH, CONCENTRATED SOLUTION OF CHLORIDE OF SODA, INDIAN DYE, FOR COLORING HAIR, LUCIFER MATCHES, BEAR'S OIL, MACASSER OIL, POMATUM, LAVENDER WATER, COLOGNE WATER, HACQUINS VOLATILE AROMATIC SMELLING SALT,
&c. &c.

Also, a large and general assortment of

WINDOW GLASS,

All of which, he will sell at reduced prices

Marietta, August 14, 1834.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

The Subscribers offer for sale at their Storeroom, a general assortment of ready made Clothing, consisting of

Coats, Vests, Pantaloons, and Shirts,

All of which they will dispose of at first Cost for Cash.

C. Hertzler & Wilson.

Marietta, May 10, 1834.

MUSICAL TUITION.

JOHN P. WIND,

Professor of Music, begs leave to inform the citizens of Marietta and its vicinity, that he will commence giving instructions on the

PIANO FORTE.

TERMS.—Eight dollars per course of 30 lessons for Piano Forte.

REFERENCES.—George Willig, Philadelphia; John Reinstein, Lancaster Pa.; Jacob Fetter, Bethlehem Pa.

J. P. W. will at all times have the latest music published for Piano Forte.

Piano Forte's Tun'd and repaired at the shortest notice.

J. P. W. may always be found at John J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel.

Marietta, August 28th, 1834.

Second year of

PARLEYS MAGAZINE.

The unexampled success of this juvenile Work, which now circulates into every state and terriotory of the Union, has encouraged the publishers to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious Parents could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of Youth.

It is important to remark, that this Magazine has become a great favorite in Schools, and that judicious Parents and Teachers have discovered that its interesting matter, its spirited and appropriate engravings its entire novelty, added to the circumstance of its coming every fortnight fresh from the Press, in convenient and beautiful numbers, have all conspired to render it unusually attractive to young readers. It is read with avidity and pleasure; and the object of school education, so far as it relates to reading understandingly, acquiring at the same time valuable portions of knowledge, and an enduring taste for reading, is better accomplished by this interesting periodical, than by any means hitherto attempted.

There are now schools in every part of the country that take some twenty, some thirty, some forty, and some as many as sixty copies of this Magazine; and the Teachers, one and all, recommend its use and importance in the most unequivocal manner, and are exerting themselves to increase its circulation.

To such as are yet unacquainted with Parley's Magazine, we would state some of the interesting topics that it presents.

I. NATURAL HISTORY—Of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects; plants, flowers, trees; the human frame, &c.

II. BIOGRAPHY—Especially of the Young.

III. GEOGRAPHY—Accounts of places, manners, customs, &c.

IV. TRAVELS AND VOYAGES, in various parts of the world.

V. Lively descriptions of the Curiosities o *Nature and Art*,—in each of the U. States and in other countries.

VI. LESSONS on Objects that daily surround Children in the Parlor, Nursery, Garden, &c.

Accounts of Trades and Employments.

VII. PARTICULAR DUTIES of the Young—to Parents, Teachers, Brothers, Sisters, &c.

VIII. Bible Lessons and Stories.

IX. NARRATIVES—Such as are well authenticated; Original Tales.

X. PARABLES, FABLES, and PROVERBS where the moral is obvious and excellent.

XI. POETRY—Adapted to the youthful capacity and feelings.

XII. INTELLIGENCE—Embracing Accounts of Juvenile Books, Societies, and Remarkable Occurrences.

Many of the above Subjects are illustrated by numerous and beautiful Engravings, prepared by the best Artists and selected not only with a view to *adorn* the work, but to improve the Taste, cultivate the Mind, and raise the affections of the young to appropriate and worthy Objects. We would make them better children, better brothers, better sisters, better pupils, better associates, and, in the end, better citizens.

This Magazine comes out every other Saturday, and is sent to any part of the United States, by mail. Price, $1 a year, in advance. Six copies for $5; 20 copies for $15; or 25 quarterly parts for $5. Postage three quarters of a cent, if under 100 miles, one cent and a quarter only, for the greatest distance.

LILLY, WAIT, & CO.,
Publishers 121, *Washington St.* Boston.
Subscriptions received at this office.

LIBHART'S

HOTEL

and Stage Office,

Corner of Gay & Front Streets, Marietta.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to a generous public for the favors he has hitherto received, and respectfully announces to his customers and others, that he still continues to occupy that well known stand—the house has lately undergone considerable repairs, improvements and alterations, so as to render it more completely a home for the traveller.

The house is spacious and contains twenty-four rooms, two of which are private Parlors, and fitted up in good style for the accommodation of private parties. The above establishment enjoys one of the most advantageous situations in the place, being located in the centre of business, and commands a fine prospect of the river and its scenery.

The subscriber intends devoting his unremitted personal exertions in conducting the above establishment, and hopes by this assiduity and attention to merit that patronage so liberally extended to him heretofore, and for which he hereby makes his most grateful acknowledgements.

B. LIBHART.

Feb. 7, 1833.

James Noble,

Auctioneer and Vendue Crier

Offers his services to the people both in TOWN AND COUNTRY, and would be thankful for a share of public patronage.

References as to capability, enquire of

BENJAMIN LIBHART,
RIEB & LIBHART,
JOH FISHER.

Marietta November 30, 1833.

Rathvon and McClellan

Tailors.

Respectfully make known to the citizens o Marietta, and vicinity, that they have entered into co-partnership in the above business, under the firm of "RATHVON and McCLELLAN," in the lower room of the building occupied by Joseph Bucher, in Market Street, Marietta, nearly opposite J. H. Goodman's, and a few doors west of D. Ferree's store. Those who may have confidence, and favour them with their patronage, may rely on having work done expeditiously, and in the most

Durable and Fashionable Style,

as arrangements have been made to receive as early as possible, the latest and most approved fashions.

S. S. RATHVON, from several months recent experience in Philadelphia, flatters himself that they will be enabled to give general satisfaction.

S. S. RATHVON, would also beg leave to tender his greatful acknowledgments to the public for their liberal encouragement bestowed upon him when formerly in business, and solicits a continuance of that liberality to the firm.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between FORSTER and LAW, Merchants, Marietta was on the 9th inst. dissolved by mutual consent. All those indebted to said firm, are requested to make payment to Mehaffey and Law, who are authorised to recieve the same, and those having claims against said firm, are requested to present them for payment.

JOHN E. FORSTER,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

We the subscribers respectively inform our friends and the public generally, that we have purchased the establishment formerly owned by "FORSTER and LAW," of Marietta, and we expect in a few days to receive and keep constantly on hand a splendid assortment of goods, and the business will in future be conducted under the firm of Mehaffey and Law.

JAMES MEHAFFEY,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

Removal.

P. J. GORNER

Respectfully informs the citizens of the Borough of Marietta and the public in general that he has removed his

Chair Manufactory

to the new building lately built by James Steele, in the Market Square, next door to J. J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel, where he has on hand a general assortment of finished

Windsor Chairs, Settees, &c.

all of which he will dispose of on reasonable terms for *cash.*

Marietta, April 17, 1834

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between ESTERLE and CAROTHERS, Clock and Watch makers, Marietta, was dissolved on the first day of January last, by mutual consent.—Those having claims against said firm are requested to present them to G. K. Carothers for payment, and those indebted will please make payment to him.

JOHN ESTERLE.
G. K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, February 22, 1834.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the house lately occupied by J. Graybill, Esq. where he will continue the business of

Watch and Clock Making,

in its various branches. An assortment of *JEWELRY, WATCHES AND TIMEPIECES* will be constantly kept on hand.

GEORGE K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

LUMBER Yard.

In the Eastern part of Marietta

J. GROSH.

GRATEFUL for past favors, informs his old customers, and a generous public, that he still continues to keep on hand and at his old stand, LUMBER of every description, among which are.

White and Yellow Pine Boards,

and Plank, 30 and 24 inch Shingles, Joists Rafters and Scantling from 10 to 40 feet long and from 3 by 4 to 7 by 8 inches thick.

Hewed Timber

of several lengths and sizes. Ready made and rough Locust Post, Pine and Hemlock Rails, Hogshead and Barrel Staves.

Also STONE COAL, of the best quality by the ton. All of which he is determined to sell low for CASH, or approved short credits.

Marietta, July 18, 1833.

Lumber YARD.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has in addition to his former stock of lumber a large assortment of long timber, Joist, Scantling, and Rafters: Timber from 10 to 50 feet in length, Joist from 10 to 22 feet, scantling from 10 to 24 feet, Rafters from 10 to 27 feet, all of which he offers for sale at the current prices—between two and three hundred thousand Shingles at a reduced price.

JAMES MEHAFFEY.

Marietta, Jan. 31, 1833.

A. M. Beatty,

AUCTIONEER and VENDUE CRIER.

Respectfully informs the people generally both in Town and Country, that he continues to attend to the above business and may be found by inquiring of *Samuel McKinney* in Front Street Marietta.

References as to capacity enquire of

WILLIAM CHILD,
SAMUEL HOPKINS,
JOHN H. GOODMAN,

October 12, 1833,

COFFEE HOUSE HOTEL.

No. 38, SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER thankful for the encouragement that he has received, from his friends and the public since he commenced the above establishment, respectfully informs them that he still continues at the same place, and hopes by his attention to the comforts of his Guests to merit a share of their patronage.

JOHN S. BAKER.

March 7, 1833.

GOODS

selling off at first cost for cash.

The subscribers having determined to close their business in this place as soon as possible, would call the attention of the public to their EXTENSIVE assortment of MERCHANDIZE which they are now offering for sale at first cost.

C. HERTZLER & WILSON.

Marietta Sept. 5th, 1833.

Notice.

ALL persons in any way indebted to the subscribers are hereby respectfully notified to come forward and discharge their respective accounts immediately, or abide with the consequences. ALSO persons having claims against the firm are requested to present them for settlement.

HERTZLER & WILSON.

Sept. 5. 1833

Dissolution of Partnership.

The co-partnership in the Hatting business, heretofore conducted under the firm of "BARR and CASSEL," of Marietta, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Those having claims against the firm are requested to present their accounts for payment to A. N. Cassel, and all those indebted to the firm are required to make payment to said Cassel, who is authorized to receive all outstanding debts due the firm.

JOHN BARR.
A. N. CASSEL.

Marietta, January 4th, 1834.

A. N. CASSEL,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken, and will continue the Hatting establishment heretofore conducted under the firm of Barr and Cassel.

January 4, 1834.

HARDWARE,

Drugs, Paints, Oils and DYE STUFFS.

The subscriber still continues to keep, an has on hand a good supply of

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DYE STUFFS, AND SHOP FURNITURE,

which he offers on the best terms to those who will favor him with their custom.—Also, a general supply of

PATENT MEDICINES.
GROUND SPICES
Mahogony Veneires,
Swaim's Celebrated Panacea,

or the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Mercurial diseases, Rheumatism and all disorders arising from a bad state of the blood; this medicine has been recommended by the best Physicians of Philadelphia. All orders will be thankfully received and particular pains taken that no accidents or mistakes may occur. A liberal discount will be allowed to Physicians and wholesale dealers.

J. T. ANDERSON,

Marietta, Jan. 23, 1834.